S 2359
.162 S5

PS 2359
.M62S5

A Song of

Easter Gladness.

3 3

MAY 19 1888
5139

PS2359
.M62 S5

Copyright 1887
Hard & Parsons,
New York.

Birds from the tree-tops are singing, singing,

Glad in the sunshine flowers are springing,

And deep in my heart is a rapture stirred,

Sweeter than floweret or song of bird;

Trembling, swelling from heart to voice,

It breaks into song, "rejoice! rejoice!"

Warm scented breezes are blowing, blowing,

Fresh from the south, and their fragrance throwing

Freely abroad on the balmy air,

Odor of myrtle and spice-wood rare,

Jessamine, magnolia and orange bloom.

Sing! O my heart, for such rich perfume.

Murmuring waters are telling, telling,

Of joy to the banks, where violets dwelling,

Show their sweet faces to nod and smile,

Catching a kiss from the sun the while.

Thrilling to be in so fair a sight,

Sing! heart, sing! for thy great delight.

Sing, while unchiden upstealing, stealing,

Over the earth and the sky, revealing

All thy dear joy in one exquisite strain,

Still rising, the portals of heaven gain,

Blending at last in the song sublime

Of Angels, worship thy Lord divine.

Annie C. McQueen.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 261 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 261 1